THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 10th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XIII.

AT the commencement of these my speculations, I felt considerable anxiety, with respect to the degree of support upon which I could calculate, from the favours of correspondents. In my first paper, therefore, I implored their assistance with earnestness, and I am happy to acknowledge the liberality with which it has been afforded. I think that it is Fielding, who compares the condition of a periodical essayist, to that of a stage-coachman, who must proceed on his journey, whether his vehicle be empty or full. In like manner, the first page of the Port Folio must be filled with a Lounger, whether the brain of Samuel Saunter be competent to furnish the materials or not. For the present, however, and indeed for some weeks to come, the file of letters and papers which lie beside me on my desk, give me the comfortable assurance, that I am amply supplied.

I have only to lament, that so many of my friends communicate their observations upon similar topics. In consequence of this, I am compelled either to omit entirely many favours, of which I should willingly avail myself, or to give to my speculations too uniform a complexion. The state of manners in the theatre, the behaviour of would-be-critics, and lobby loungers, has been enlarged upon in many letters upon my file. Some of these I shall select for my present paper, and others may furnish materials for a future one.

The first letter which I have to communicate, appears to come from the same correspondent, who offered me some friendly advice in my second number.

Philadelphia, March 26.

MR. SAUNTER,

I was one of the first to hail the establishment of a paper in our city, which should contain a transcript of, and animadversions upon, our prevailing manners and customs. I saw, at an early period, the difficulty of the undertaking, and offered you some well-meant admonitions upon the subject. I am happy to observe, that you have steered so carefully clear of any thing personal, that even the censorious and the malicious can only complain of general severity in some of your strictures, but cannot point out any individual reflection. This is well done. But I am, sometimes, almost inclined to grieve that ever your paper was undertaken, for I dare hardly flatter you with the hope that it has done any good; and, on the other hand, that it has done some harm. The description of your person and character, in the first number, has been mistaken for a real one, and has produced a host of imitators, who infest us in all places of public amusement, but particularly in the theatre. I cannot conceive of any thing more unbecoming the character of a gentleman, than his presuming to interrupt the amusement of a numerous company, by loud laughing, or talking. If the conversation were worth listening to, it might, in some degree, compensate for the rudeness of preventing our attention to what is said upon the stage; but poverty of ideas, and vulgarity of language, are generally alike conspicuous in these lobby conversations. But this is not all. Many, I believe, think that, by the most disgusting display of apathy and indolence, they may perhaps be taken for Samuel Saunter.

It is but a little month, since I beheld one of this class of puppies, reclining at ease in a stage-box, with his head on the seats behind him, and his boots upon the front of it, displayed in full view, both to the audience and the performers. Had I been manager, I would certainly have had him turned out. I thought that this youth had carried his insolence to the utmost pitch; but even this was exceeded a few evenings since, when a couple of loungers, in the same box, had the audacity, even during the performance of the play, to turn their backs upon the stage and audience, and very calmly sit down upon the front of the box, with their coat-lappets hanging over, and their hats upon their heads, and begin a conversation.

Surely, Mr. Saunter, these things are not to be endured; and, if you perform your office with fidelity, you ought to give these puppies a little wholsome admonition in your next number.

I am, air,
Your humble servant,
MONITOR.

I know not how I can better fulfil the wishes of my correspondent, than by publishing his letter. He appears to write with vehemence; but this vehemence is, in my apprehension, commendable. I was not a witness of the first outrage of which he complains; but the second I beheld, and beheld with astonishment. Surely an audience is culpably tame, that endures such insults, without resentment. Every individual should consider himself as interested in preserving the decorum, which should always distinguish a scene of liberal amusement. Such a spirit, we are informed by those, upon whose information we can rely, is uniformly manifested in the theatres of Europe, and, if it were exerted here, the evils of which my correspondent complains, would very soon be effectually obviated.

SIR,

Although I live a good way back in the country, I get a peep, every now and then, at your Port Folio, for lawyer Subtle of our town takes it in; and though I should like it better, if it gave us a little more news, and told us who was dead and married, and such like, and told us about fires, and robberies, and murders, and other entertaining matter, yet I have been well enough pleased with it in the main. But I have seemed to be more diverted with the Lounger, than any other part of it, for some of that seems comical enough. But all this is only beating about the bush; let me come at once to the matter in hand.

You must know then, Mister Saunter, that I came to Philadelphia about three weeks ago, and, since that time, I have been a good many times to the play. I don't mean to talk about the acting, for I don't pretend to be a judge, though I have been told that's a pretty general case among those, who talk the most of it; but what I want, Mr. Saunter, is to ask you a plain question. You must know, sir, that I have very often seen young ladies, aye, and fine, well-dressed ladies too, stand up between the acts of the play, and squat down on the front of the box, with their backs turned to the folks in the house. Now, is this good manners, or is it not? I remember mother, when I was a boy, used to be dinging it into my ears, that 'twas very uncivil to turn one's back to company. Indeed, when I first saw it, I had a great notion of giving some of them a spank, and I could have reached some of them from the pit very well, I guess. But, perhaps, all this is only my country breeding, and I may be out of my reckoning, and it may be very good manners, though I don't understand it.

If you please to correct all faults in the spelling and such like, you may put this in your paper if you please. I expect mother will be mighty glad, to hear that her son Zeky is got into print; and pray let me have your opinion upon the matter.

Here rests,
Your loving friend,
HEZEKIAH HOMESPUN.

I have frequently noticed the custom alluded to by friend Hezekiah, and cannot help thinking, that it is a gross solecism in manners. I know of very few sights, that have a more ludicrous and curious effect, to a spectator in the pit, than the display which meets his eyes, when he raises his head, in an interval of the performance. I too have more than once felt a similar propensity with my correspondent, and have been strongly inclined to give them a "spank." But my chastisement would have been administered with as much delicacy as that which, if we may believe De Lolme's facetious history of the Flagellants, was inflicted by some ghostly fathers of the Roman church, upon their female penitents. Far from using the scourge with severity, he observes, that the disciplinarians, upon such occasions, "femora molliter perfricabit." As the subject is a delicate one, I shall be excused, to adopt the words of the historian of the Roman empire, "for veiling it in the obscurity of a learned language."

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MADELINA.

TO R. L.

MADELINA, you wish me to draw your character. What a strange wish, to be preferred by a young lady to a young man, who has seldom seen you, at times and in situations which admit of no disguise, and which draw forth all our secret foibles and who, at best, has neither a sober nor

impartial judgment. Still, however, I will do my best. If I blame you, your pride may occasionally impute it to my ignorance; if I praise, your modesty will naturally suggest some doubts of the sincerity of one, who sets a very high value on your good opinion, and who thinks your smiles cheaply bought, even at the price of some duplicity.

And now to begin: but how? With the person to be sure. Beauty is never of small moment in a woman's eye, and that is a cause of deep regret to those, who love true female dignity, happiness and virtue. In the passion for beauty, shall we find the source of all the follies, and many of the crimes of women. So common is this passion, that, though a distinction of the sex, it is no characteristic of the individual. And yet had I a seraph's eloquence, it should be incessantly exerted to persuade the woman whom I value, that, inasmuch as she prizes beauty (particularly if she herself be beautiful), is she silly, wicked, or unfortunate. After this, you will hardly expect me to say any thing of your person.

But there is another reason for my silence: my decision would be no test of the truth. The female form generally pleases in different degrees, according as it is viewed in different lights, at different hours, and by different eyes. The sentence of to-day, suggested by negligence of dress, captious behaviour, or unamiable sentiments, would be reversed to-morrow, at the intercession of a few smiles and affabilities, or at the pleading of a robe, brilliantly fair, and enchantingly becoming. So, we'll say nothing of thy person, Madelina.

Are you witty? Are you amiable? Are you wise? How hard to answer these questions, so as to convey, to the object of our scrutiny, our precise meaning! I am almost afraid to proceed. To tell the truth is not always to make either wise or happy; and, when the truth breeds nothing but resentment or misery, why should it be told?.... But come, in order to be safe, I will sketch what I think a good character, and leave it to you to find its resemblance to yourself.

The good girl, whom I wish to meet with, has a face that nothing but the soul within makes beautiful. It never yet was clouded by anger; never yet had peevishness, resentment, envy, even a momentary place in it. The perverseness or malignity of others cannot be so great or incessant, as to conquer her patience. Her charity is large enough to take in every offence. Her penetration is clear enough to see the guilt and folly of impatience, in any situation. She has no sullen looks; no hasty plaints; no keen retorts; all is placid sufferance, and heavenly serenity. She is good, inasmuch as she never treats others hardly or capriciously. She is perfect, inasmuch as the injuries of others, so far from provoking vengeance, never even cause indignation, nor stop the current of that charity that flows for all.

She cultivates her mind, by regular and close attention to every profitable study. She has leisure, and the greatest part of it is spent in reading. She deems this an amusement indeed, but also a duty. She indulges, without scruple, that inclination, which leads her to works of taste, fancy, and domestic morality, because she regards these as the regulators, sweetners, and embellishers of life; but, while these are her favourite pursuits, she by no means despises or shuns the more rugged paths of history or science.

Still, however, she is no bookworm, no recluse, no pedant. She meditates and reasons for herself, and her studious hours are betrayed, not by mere literary talk, by anecdotes of authors, and criticisms on their works, by hard words, and formal quotations, but by a certain dignity of thought, and refinement of language, which nothing but familiar converse with books can give, and which diffuse themselves through all her conversation.

She is fond of society. The worthy and intelligent she seeks and caresses; the gay, thoughtless, frivolous, immoral, or indecent, she treats, when she meets them, with strict politeness, but she never seeks them, and is at home to them as rarely as possible. She endures their company, when unavoidable, but you cannot subject her to a more mortifying penance.

In her dress, she studies not merely the decent and becoming, but also the frugal. One of her chief cares is to shun all superfluous expenses. She always remembers, that her family are not opulent; that she has no independent provision. To-morrow may ravish from her grasp the frail and precarious props that uphold her. This reflection has made her a pattern of economy and industry. She is, in many respects, her own laundress, and, in all respects, her own sempstress.

She well knows the magic graces that flow from personal purity and habits of delicacy. Beauty is bestowed by some power beyond ourselves. It most commonly entails on the possessor infinite depravity and folly, and can never confer any real good. A temper, serene amidst the evils of life, and the fluctuations of others, forbearing and affectionate to all; manners, soft, mild, full of dignity and personal decorum, constitute the lasting power, the bewitching grace, the irresistible charm .....but if I run on thus, I shall write a volume, instead of a letter; so I will stop here, and ask you, Madelina, in what respects this creature of my fancy resembles you?

Are you studious? Do you spend a certain portion of each day in reading? Were the reflections of any five minutes of your life suggested by any thing you met with in a book? Are any of the terms or ideas, which occur in your conversation, derived from this source? Are your friends and intimates distinguished by their charitable, devout, thoughtful, and home-loving habits? Are none of them vain, giddy, ridiculously prejudiced or spoilt by fashion?

Are you diligent and economical? Do you spend nothing upon superfluities? Have you, in all you buy, or all you do, a view to future independence, to be raised on your own efforts? Do you perform, for yourself, all that decency permits, and that a noble humility, a laudable frugality requires you to do?

Is your temper benign and equable? Do you never repine at the want of those advantages of person and fortune, which others possess? Would not a splendid villa and an equipage atone for many misfortunes of yourself and friends?

But let me, above all, inquire, whether rational piety, its sanctions, duties, and consolations, are any thing to you but empty sounds? Have the ideas of a future state, a pure and all-seeing eye, ever found a moment's place in your thoughts? Are you at all acquainted with that principle, which enables us to love merit, though beautiful or rich, and to look down with pity on arrogance and pomp?

To some of these questions, candour may oblige you to answer, but not without reluctance; and your heart, impatient of blame, may whisper...." I have as much of these estimable qualities, as most others. I can scarcely point out one of my acquaintance, who (no older than I) has more simplicity, frugality, industry, charity, candour, or devotion. If I err, my judgment, and not my inclination, is to blame. I ardently wish to attain all that is good, graceful, and lovely in the female character. I am always striving to attain them, and the failure of my efforts humbles and distresses me.

" Above all things, I want to be reputed sensible and learned, but my poor head will not allow it. I cannot keep alive my curiosity for books. When I read, unless it be some fashionable play or novel, all is tedious, dark, and unintelligible: but I did not chuse my own understanding, and I cannot *recreate* myself; and, though nature will not second my wishes, to reach the highest place, yet I am not the very lowest in the scale. I know myself to possess *some* sense, some generosity, a heart that is both pure and warm, and principles that will never let me stoop to meanness or falsehood; and my great comfort is, that few are better than me, many, *very* many that are worse."

Thy pleas, Madelina, are perfectly just. Inclination and zeal will go far to make us better, but they will not do every thing; and whatever charm there may be in diffidences and disclaimings, it is absurd and pernicious to give up our dues. I rejoice in thy anxiety for improvement, and applaud thee for respecting thyself. In looking round, *I* also find very few that are thy superiors, but very many that are, in all estimable qualities, much below Madelina.

[The following essay is not only a humorous Satire upon the romances of the circulating library, but is a just reprehension of the levity and licentiousness of those *Angelinas* and *Celestinas*, who have exchanged a washing-tub for a writing-desk.]

AN ESSAY ON THE MODERN NOVEL.

IT is a misfortune, incident to human nature, that its finest qualities may be perverted to the most destructive ends. Love, the brightest spark that enlightens the soul, burns frequently for the impurest purposes, and lends its rays too often to inflame the eyes of lust, and to light the adulterer to his couch. Having erected his empire, in a greater or less degree, in every breast, he reigns every where. There's ne'er a mother's son between this and the Antipodes, from beardless sixteen up to grey-beard sixty, who has not struggled at some period of his life in the Cytherean net, and confessed the power of the blind god. But let them describe the impulses that push them forward into the snare, and you will find they have worshipped some other deity than real love; some usurper, who has borrowed his name and authority. From the beginning it has been so, and to the end it will continue so; for the present age, with all its refinements, is more distant from the knowledge of real love, than were our forefathers of the fifth century.

It would be an amusing study to a speculative mind, to observe how this fascinating something has played upon the folly and invention of mankind through all ages. It has exhibited its pranks and whimsies in a thousand different scenes, and in every shape that vanity or fancy could devise, has paid its addresses to the heart. Love is the Proteus of heaven; and, had the ancients known the full extent of his qualities, and seen what we have seen, no doubt they had given him the proper attributes of that character.

But of all the artillery which love has employed to brighten eyes, and soften hearts, the most effectual and forcible is the modern novel. Of all the arrows which Cupid has shot at youthful hearts, this is the keenest. There is no resisting it. It is the literary opium, that lulls every sense into delicious rapture; and respecting the bias of a young lady's mind one may venture to turn out the *Noble's* and *Robson's*, with half a dozen of their greasy combustible duodecimos against the nurse, the mother, and the common-prayer-book....ay, and they would conquer them too. These gentlemen are real patriots, never-failing friends to the propagation of the human species. They have counteracted all the designs of the British senate against matrimony; and, in contempt of the marriage act, post chaises and young couples run smoothly on the north road. All this, and more, we owe to novels, which have operated like electricity on the great national body, and have raised the humble spirit of citizens to a parallel with the veriest pomp of quality in the coterie.

But what charms all ranks of people in these productions is the manner....Unrestrained by that disgusting simplicity, that timid coyness, which checked the fancies of former ages, the modern muses are stark naked: and it were no vague assertion to declare, that they have contributed more than any other cause to debauch the morals of the young of the fair sex. Novels, according to the practice of the times, are the powerful engines with which the seducer attacks the female heart, and if we judge from every days experience, his plots are seldom laid in vain. Never was there an apter weapon for so black a purpose. Tricked out in the trappings of taste, a loose and airy dishabille, with a staggering gait and a wanton eye, the modern muse trips jauntly on, the true child of fashion and folly. By tickling the ear, she approaches the heart, and soon ruins it; for, like all other prostitutes, she is plausible and insinuating, and has "her winning ways." A wretched levity of thought, delivered at random in an incoherent style, passes current for sentiment, and so alertly has this mental jargon played its part, that our young ladies begin to throw out Steele and Addison to make room for H——— and De Vergy. An ingenious author of this age has given us in a few lines the following admirable receipt to make a modern novel.

Take a subject that's grave, with a moral that's good,
Throw in all the temptations that virtue withstood;
And pray let your hero be handsome and young,
Taste, wit, and fine sentiment flow from his tongue;
And his delicate feelings be sure to improve,
With passion, with tender soft rapture, and love.
And some incidents too, which I like above measure,
Such as those I have read, are esteemed as a treasure,
In a book that's entitled....The Woman of Pleasure;
Mix well, and you'll find 'twill a novel produce,
Fit for modest young ladies....to keep it for use.

To do justice to the bard, he has chalked out the outlines very gracefully, and justly described the ingredients for making this literary pill operate against morality. But lest any reader mistake the author's meaning, here follows a letter, worked up to the very humour of the times, and stamped with the true current mark and signature of 1792. It is fraught with style, manner, and sentiment; and the next worthy gentleman, who gives a three guinea novel in two volumes, is welcome to insert it in his work.

LETTER XVI.

Lady Juliana Glanville to Miss Henrietta Wentworth.

Heigho! Wentworth! who could have thought it?....What a foolish thing is a fond fluttering heart! How often have you told me what a metal mind was made of!....Hard as it was, O'Brien's eyes have melted it....The dear youth saw and conquered....Your friend is no longer free....Oh! the dear enchanting scenes around Glanville castle, that once delighted my innocent hours....Ye lowering forests....myrtle shades....crystal streams....and cooing turtles....ye have no more charms for me.... none....unless O'Brien be there.

Rocks from your caves repeat the plaintive strains,
And let the mournful tale be echo'd o'er the plains.

....And so, my dear, I'll tell you how it was....I went last night to the Grove assembly, in company with the Miss Seymours and that fright, Bluffton... By the bye, my dear, is not that fellow a dreadful creature;....huge and horrid....how I hate him!.... So, my dear, as I was saying, we all met together ....I dressed in my white satin and silver, and pinned up my hair with my new Barbelot's brilliant....apropos....how do you like my last suit of Brussels? ....And, just as we were going to cross the style, whom should I see peeping on the other side of the hedge, but....O'Brien! lovely and enchanting as he was when I saw him last winter at Carlisle house?....I instantly feigned illness, and turned up the lane to return; when O'Brien, with an angel's swiftness, flew over the hedge....and we both dissolved in tears....O! sweet sensibility! why was my heart formed with more than woman's softness; why was O'Brien formed with more than manly grace!....It was in a bower composed of honeysuckles and jessamine that we reclined....The dear youth spoke a thousand tender things with his eyes, and I answered him with sighs and with blushes....Seated in a deep embowering shade.... lips trembling....hearts beating....locked in each other's arms....what a dangerous situation! and the discourse on love!

.....And Oh! his charming tongue
Was but too well acquainted with my weakness!
He talked of love, and all my melting heart
Dissolv'd within my breast.

Do you know Wentworth, that I was violently inclined to play the fool? We found ourselves lavishing encomiums on disinterested love and a cottage. His description was animated to the last degree. My whole attention was engrossed. He held my hand, tenderly pressed between his, while I listened to his soothing tale. His eyes were still more eloquent than his bewitching tongue.

I was almost a lost woman; when, fortunately for me, the idea of squalling brats, and matrimonial bitters, darted across my thought. Up I sprang. A fine day for a walk, cried I; and away I tripped. I had nothing for it but flight. He followed me, dejected,....his arms folded. He looked amazingly handsome. But prudence kept her seat in my breast: prudence, you know, is the foil of love. We strolled towards the house, without any other conversation, except expressive sighs on his side.... half-stifled ones and stolen glances on mine. I flew to the harpsichord to rouse my spirits. He drew a chair near me; and, leaning on the instrument, fixed his languishing eyes on my face. My fingers involuntarily touched soft plaintive notes. Instead of a sprightly air, out came a ditty, as melancholy as "The babes in the wood." He perceived my swimming eyes....he perceived my confusion; and, snatching the moment of love, he threw himself on his knees, looked moving, and swore,

While youthful splendor lighten'd in my eyes,
Clear as the smiling glory of the skies,
More white than flax my curling tresses flow'd
My dimpled cheeks, with rosy beauty glow'd.

Enchanting lines! are not they, Wentworth?.... Well! and what followed?....you ask me....Ay, there's the rub....but positively you shan't know till my next letter....Heigh ho! Adieu, Henrietta ....and tell me how your affair with the baronet goes on....Adieu, my dear, and remember your sighing, and almost ruined cousin,

JULIANA GLANVILLE.

What effect such graceless raptures and broken periods may produce on untutored minds, let ten thousand boarding-schools witness. This contagion is the more to be dreaded, as it daily spreads through all ranks of people; and miss, the taylor's daughter, talks now as familiarly to her confidant, Miss Polly Staytape, of swains and sentiments, as the accomplished dames of genteel life. In a word if a man of sense has an inclination to chuse a rational woman for his wife, he reaches his grand climacteric before he can find a fair one to trust himself with....so universal is the corruption!.... These are the fatal consequences of novels!

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

HAVING observed, in a late paper, some cases, proving the efficacy of *leeches*, in drawing off the bad blood and viscid humours of the system, we may expect to see the *body-politic* thoroughly *drained*, as a large number of hungry animals of that description have fastened themselves thereon, and are sucking with that avidity which results from a state of previous starvation. E.

April 5, 1802.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FULL DRESS.

1. FULL or dancing dress of white muslin; the train very long, and trimmed round the bottom, with black and yellow trimming; over the train, a plain drapery, nearly meeting behind, and trimmed all round with a trimming, the same as the train; the back plain, and ornamented with alternate bows of black and yellow; full sleeves of lace and muslin. Small hat of white sattin, turned up in front, and ornamented with black and yellow ostritch feathers.

2. Evening or opera dress; made of white sattin, and trimmed with swansdown fur. A mantle of the same, trimmed also with swansdown. A hat of black velvet, ornamented with one large ostrich feather.

HEAD DRESSES.

1. A bonnet of buff satin, turned up in front, and trimmed with brown fur and ribbon; a brown feather in front. 2. A close bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with purple. A large purple feather fixed on one side, to fall over the front. 3. A cap of white lace, with a deep lace border; bows of white ribbon on the front and left side. 4. A morning cap of fine muslin; the front confined and finished with white ribbon; the crown full, and finished on the left side, with a long end. 5. A cap of lace, made open behind to admit the hair, and ornamented with an ostritch feather. 6. A cap of white sattin, and ornamented with a small wreath of coquelicot flowers. 7. A close cap of white sattin, trimmed round the front with fancy trimming, and ornamented with flowers. 8. A Parisian cap, made of worked muslin, lined with pink silk; a deep lace border round the front. 9. A cap of lace, drawn up close behind, and finished with a lace frill; a coquelicot feather or flower in front.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The prevailing colours are scarlet, purple, yellow, and brown. Short pelisses, lined with scarlet or purple, and trimmed all round with fur, are very much worn; the petticoats are generally trimmed with narrow flounces. Except in very full dress, flowers are more adopted than feathers; the most favourite flowers, at present, are those intermixed with steel beads and bugles.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Buff colour sattin hats, with amaranthus colour drapery, are very fashionable, as are apricot velvet hats, trimmed with amaranthus colour ribbons, with gold stripes, and feathers of the same colour, others of capucine colour velvet, with ribbons the same colour, and some of pale blue velvet, with blue feathers. The head-dresses in hair, that were entirely out of fashion, are again in favour; some ornamented with a polished steel diadem. The caps worn under turbans are, in general made of black velvet, spangled instead of poppy colour.

POLITICS.

MINISTERIAL ADROITNESS,

Or the newest and most approved method of

EXPEDITING

LEGISLATIVE BUSINESS;

Being a history of the rise, progress, and final passage of One Bill, in One House of the National Legislature.

Extract of a letter from Washington to the Editor of the Gazette of the United States.

"Though you find, in the National Intelligencer, a correct statement of the most important votes, which are taken in the house of representatives, and a very smooth account of the course of proceedings, yet you get no adequate idea of the ministerial mode of transacting business. You will, indeed, occasionally find very unwarrantable statements in that paper, whenever, in the opinion of the editor, the character of his party requires from him that kind of aid. In the Intelligencer of Wednesday, the twenty-fourth of March, it is asserted, that the discussion of the bill, for relieving the luxuries of life from the burden of taxes, continued with little intermission for six days, '*during which the house sat to a late hour, notwithstanding repeated motions made by the minority to adjourn. In this unusual devotion to public business, the citizens will discern a laudable solicitude to terminate the session at the earliest period.*'

"It is to be hoped that this indecent misrepresentation is chargeable only upon the editor of the Intelligencer, and that he has not been put upon it by some man of more consequence.

'Notwithstanding repeated motions made by the minority to adjourn.'....The fact is, that on four successive days, out of the six here mentioned, the ministerial party adjourned in great confusion, for the purpose of devising ways and means to extricate themselves from the embarrassments into which they were thrown by their own proceedings.

"Inasmuch as an examination of the subject has been provoked, I will give you a history of this bill, which, in the opinion of the Intelligencer, reflects so much honour upon the industry, skill, and perseverance of the ministerial party.

"The committee of ways and means, which reported this bill, and of which Mr. Randolph of Virginia is chairman, was appointed on the second day of the session. After a good deal of delay, which exhausted the patience of several of the party, Davis of Kentucky moved a resolution for the repeal of the internal taxes, and stated as his reason, the delay of the committee of ways and means upon this subject. Even the Aurora thought some apology necessary, and informed us that the committee had resolved to mature the business before they brought it forward, and to introduce it to the house in a perfect state, so that it might be acted upon with promptness and without embarrassment.

"At length, after sitting precisely three months, Mr. Randolph introduced his well matured bill to repeal the internal taxes. The bill was referred to a committee of the whole house on Monday, the 15th of March. Some discussion took place on the merits of this *perfect* bill, and Mr. Randolph was convinced that it might be rendered yet more perfect by some slight alteration. He consequently introduced an amendment *twice as long* as the original bill. A gentleman remarked, that the amendment ought to be printed for the use of the members before acting upon it. Mr. Randolph said that was his object: but he had *several other* amendments to propose, and thought it best to have them all printed at once. It was mentioned that no other amendment could be submitted while that was pending; but the gentleman might withdraw his first amendment, and offer the others with it, after which the whole might be printed.

"Mr. Randolph accordingly withdrew his long amendment, but not exactly understanding what was to be done next, he moved that the committee rise, and as soon as the speaker had resumed the chair, moved that the long amendment be printed.

"Mr. Griswold observed, that he had no objection to an order for printing; but it must be an order to print a paper in that gentleman's pocket. No amendment was before the house....none had been reported by the committee of the whole. The ministerial gentlemen knew not how to proceed. Mr. Randolph made a long speech.....but the difficulty still remained. At length Mr. Randolph moved to go back into committee of the whole, for the purpose of starting anew. The house accordingly resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and the long amendment was again proposed, upon which the committee rose, and the house ordered the amendment to be printed.

"Mr. Randolph did not chuse to hazard another step that day, and accordingly moved for an adjournment at an early hour, and the motion was carried. Of course, this was not a 'motion by the minority.'

"On Teusday, the bill for repealing the internal taxes was again resumed. A number of new objections were urged against this *perfect* bill, and Mr. Randolph and his friends finding themselves unable to obviate them were again disconcerted. A motion was made to recommit it to the committee of ways and means. It was said to be so immature, that the committee of the whole, and the house could not advantageously proceed upon it, in its present form. Mr. Randolph admitted the force of the objections, complained that gentlemen on the other side of the house only pointed out errors, without assisting to correct them, but objected to the recommitment. Such was the *imperfect* state of the bill, and so evident was the necessity of drawing it anew, that the little David of Legislation, after one or two long speeches, finding that the question could no longer be evaded, called for an adjournment, after the speaker had risen and stated the question to the house, but before the vote could be taken. The adjournment was carried by the ministerial party, though the other side of the house voted against it.

"When the House met on Wednesday, Mr. Randolph introduced another long string of amendments, which he hoped would remedy the faults complained of, and spare him the mortification of a recommitment. A great part of the day was spent in hearing the arguments of the ministerialists to prove that these amendments would answer the purpose; and finally, after the amendments had been amended by an entire new section, which Mr. Goddard introduced, and by an alteration of several others, they were adopted. Mr. Dennis then moved to strike out of the first section, the words 'sales at auction,' and to insert 'coffee,' and gave notice that he intended to move further amendments; by substituting *brown sugar, bohea tea, and salt*, in place of some of the refined articles named in the bill, for the purpose of trying the principle, whether the surplus revenues should be spared exclusively from luxuries, or in part from the necessaries of life. The ministerial party did not wish to have this comparison appear upon their journals, and, as the best expedient, which occurred to them to avoid it, called for a division of the question, so that the votes upon striking out and inserting should be taken separately. This was objected to, as not in order; it was said that the motion was a simple proposition, and consequently not divisible, by the rules of the house. It was referred to the speaker, who decided that the question was *not* divisible. The party, not to be thwarted in their course by rules of the house, and decisions of their own speaker, appealed from the decision of the chair. The question being put, 'Is the decision of the chair in order?' the ministerialists, *tenacious of their purpose*, and willing to compass their end, whatever might be the means, determined in the negative. Here a whimsical farce commenced respecting the second part of the motion. These wise legislators, with the little man of *slings* at their head, had imagined that by carrying the first part of the motion in the negative, and leaving no place designated for the insertion of the word *coffee*, they would be able to evade that part of the question, and pursuing the same course with the amendments which they knew were to follow, congratulated themselves upon a new discovery, by which they expected to keep their journals free from the mention of those articles of necessity, which the constitutionalists wished to substitute for the luxuries named in the bill. But here again they were brought up, as the sailors say, all standing, by another rule of the house, and by a positive declaration of the speaker, that the question must be put. After nearly an hour had been consumed, and no way discovered to get out of the perplexity, a reconsideration of the vote for dividing the question, was moved and seconded. After a variety of remarks upon this motion, the speaker rose to put the question, when an adjournment was called for and carried, by the ministerial side of the house.

"On Thursday, after commencing the proceedings of the day in a very curious and novel manner, which will be noticed further on, the house proceeded to consider some further amendments, offered by Mr. Randolph, and General Smith, of Maryland. After the usual time of adjournment, and when the members appeared to be exhausted by the labours of the day, an adjournment was asked for by one of the constitutionalists, in order, as is believed, to give Mr. Griswold an opportunity of submitting to the house a number of arguments against the bill, but which he thought would not be heard with patience at so late an hour. On this solitary occasion, it is true, that a motion was made by the constitutionalists to adjourn, and was not carried. Mr. Griswold went into a very able and conclusive argument, which detained the house to a very late hour. A motion was then made further to amend the bill, by inserting, after the words 'stamped vellum, parchment, and paper,' the words 'and the duties on imported brown sugar.' Mr. Randolph had now got through with all the amendments, which he had to offer. He began to look, with extreme solicitude, upon this favourite child of his legislative labour. It had cost him many 'throes and convulsions' in the production, and much anxiety and perplexity in the nurturing; and he became, every moment, more and more desirous of seeing it out of the reach of those, who had been all along unkindly pointing out to him deformities, which his paternal eye had not discerned, and who, for ought that he knew, might still discover as many more, should time be given them to examine it. He therefore hoped that the bill would be ordered to be engrossed before the house should adjourn; and for the purpose of *saving time*, and coming at a *prompt decision*, he said he would move for the previous question, upon the amendment last proposed. The motion being seconded, it was put by the speaker in these words 'Shall the main question be now put?' And it was carried in the negative by the ministerial sect. Having thus cut the business short, and as they shrewdly imagined, surmounted all obstacles, they triumphantly called for the question on engrossing. But here again, like an ill omen, a rule of the house thwarted their course, and once more put them at a stand. The speaker declared that the bill could not be engrossed, while

a motion to amend was pending, and this motion, he said, had been hung up by the previous question just taken. Upon this, the ministerial gentlemen began to manifest some doubt of the expediency of the mode, which they had adopted for *saving time*, and coming at a prompt decision. They attempted to retrace their steps, and called for the question on the amendment, upon which the previous question had been taken. Here also, they were equally entangled; for the speaker declared, in conformity with the rules of the house, that it was not in order to put the main question on any motion *the same day* on which the previous question on such motion had been put and carried in the negative. It was now evident, that nothing further could be done without getting rid of these rules, and for that purpose Mr. Elmendorf, who has sometimes been called the *bird of wisdom*, demanded to appeal from the decision of the speaker. Here again the sect were reduced to the perplexing alternative, either of going directly in the teeth of all rules of order, and again deserting their speaker, or else of stopping short, and abandoning the triumph of a *prompt decision*. In this dilemma an adjournment was called for, and carried, but not by the *minority*.

"Having thus stated to you the manner, in which the ministerialists *closed* their sessions upon four of the days occupied in the business of repealing the internal taxes, I will now give you an account of the manner, in which some of those sessions commenced. The Intelligencer continues:

'In this unusual devotion to public business, the citizens will discern a laudable solicitude to terminate the session at the earliest period.'.....It is a very hard thing to decide upon men's intentions, and I will not undertake to say that the ministerial gentlemen are not solicitous to expedite public business: but if I were disposed to write their eulogium, knowing the progress, which they have made during the present session, and particularly knowing the history of the bill now under consideration, I should never mention that solicitude, lest I should be thought either to satirize them, or to impeach their talents. Will the Intelligencer place to the account of this solicitude, the *two hours and a half* spent by these gentlemen on Thursday, in making, debating, and withdrawing motions to amend the minutes of the day before? The parts, which they wished to have stricken out were those, which recorded the decision of the chair on the indivisibility of Mr. Dennis's motion, and that, which says that a debate arose upon a question of order. It was said by the ministerialists, who were in favour of striking out, that the journals ought not to contradict the positive rules of the house, and those rules direct that no debate shall be had upon a question of order. On this occasion, Mr. Davis, who is rather stubborn, and not so well broken in as the generality of the sect, rebelled, and declared that if the journal was not consistent with the rules of the house, it was consistent with truth, and with the proceedings, which it recorded, and that he should vote against striking out. Several of the constitutionalists opposed the motion. They said that the constitution compelled the house to keep a journal, and the sole object was to enable the public to judge whether their proceedings were correct and proper or not. The precedent of striking out, what all acknowledged to be a true statement of facts, was dangerous in the extreme. If the majority were at liberty to record only such parts of their proceedings as they might chuse, the intention of the constitution would be frustrated, and the house might as well keep no journals. Mr. Bayard said, that if gentlemen would run themselves into excesses, and contravene the rules of order, for the purpose of coming at an object, which they had in view, and, after sleeping upon it, could come into the house and new-model their journals, in conformity with their cooler judgment, it would be better to keep no journals, for they could answer no purpose but to deceive the public and posterity. He insisted, that though the majority have the physical power of controuling their own journals, and rendering them what they please, yet, in justice and propriety, they can exercise that power only in rendering the record conformable with the facts which it records. This was acknowledged on all hands to be the case in the present instance. He said if the principle now contended for by the other side of the house should prevail, he should not be surprized at seeing a motion brought forward, to erase from the journals the yeas and nays, whenever the majority might wish to conceal the names of those, who had voted for or against any particular measure. It was said in reply, that the journals are entirely in the power of the house, and I think it was Elmendorf, but it was certainly some one of the sect, who declared that the majority might, if they pleased, expunge the yeas and nays. After many other remarks, which it would not be convenient for you, *nor very honourable for our national legislature, to lay before the public*, the motion *was withdrawn*.

"Mr. Randolph moved to amend that part of the journal, which stands in these words:

'Another motion was then made and seconded, farther to amend the bill, by striking out in the said first section thereof, the words 'sales at auction,' for the purpose of inserting in lieu thereof, the word 'coffee.'

"The proposition was to strike out of the journal the words 'for the purpose of,' and the words 'in lieu thereof,' in order to insert the word 'and,' so as to make the journal read 'by striking out in the said first section thereof, the words sales at auction, and inserting the word coffee.' Upon this motion Mr. Bacon made a long speech, and apparently proved to his own satisfaction, that a very nice distinction ought to be taken between the import of the words, 'and inserting,' and the words 'for the purpose of inserting.' He said that as the motion stood recorded upon the journal, there could be no doubt that it was a simple proposition; that it could not be divided; and that he, on the appeal from the decision of the chair, had voted wrong in declaring that decision to be not in order. But the case, he insisted, would be very different upon a question put in the other form.....If you had ever heard this old gentleman speak, you would feel no inclination to see his arguments recapitulated in this place. Suffice it to say, that he made a *long speech*, and so convincing was it, that as soon as he sat down, Mr. Randolph withdrew his motion. The motion made the evening before, to reconsider the vote for dividing Mr. Dennis's motion, was then called up and disposed of, and the house proceeded to business between *two and three* o'clock, about the usual time of adjourning.

"On Friday morning, a similar scene was acted over, with some alterations and embellishments. It commenced upon the reading of the following part of the minutes of Thursday:

'A call was then made for the question to engross the bill, in order to its being read a third time.

On which call,

Mr. Speaker declared, that, in his opinion, it was not in order to engross the bill, until the main question on the motion on which the previous question had been called for and taken, should be put and decided by the house: and it was further the opinion of the chair, it was not in order to call for, or put the main question on any motion, the same day on which the previous question on such motion was called for, and decided in the negative, by the house. Whereupon, an appeal was demanded from the decision of the chair."

"A motion was made by Mr. Nicholson, to strike out the whole of this part of the journal. It was debated for a considerable time, and many arguments were urged to prove, that the proceedings of the speaker are not proceedings of the house. It was suggested in reply, that there was an appeal pending from these very decisions; that the vote on that appeal must be recognized by the clerk: and that the journal would be absurd, should it state the proceedings on an appeal from a decision, which should not appear to have ever been made. Some one rose and said, if Mr. Elmendorf would withdraw his appeal, this objection would be obviated. Mr. Elmendorf then rose and said, that he would withdraw the appeal. The speaker informed him, that it was not in order to withdraw any motion, while another motion was pending before the house. Mr. Nicholson withdrew his motion to expunge. Mr. Randolph immediately renewed it. Another debate ensued; Mr. Gregg of Pennsylvania was ashamed of his party, and declared, that a new mode of proceeding had found its way into that house. He said, he had never witnessed any thing of this kind in former sessions, and did not think that any honour was reflected upon the legislature or the nation by such proceedings. One of the constitutionalists moved for the yeas and nays on the question for expunging. A sufficient number of members rose in favour of taking them. If the question had been so taken and carried, it would have been the duty of the clerk to enter the question at large, together with the yeas and nays, in the minutes for Friday, so that the obnoxious passage would still have appeared in the journal. This being suggested, Mr. Randolph withdrew his motion, and the ministerialists abandoned the expunging plan.

"The journal being thus left to speak the truth, Mr. Elmendorf rose, and withdrew the appeal which he had made from the decision of the speaker, just before the last adjournment. Upon this, Mr. Dawson rose and renewed the appeal. The decision being again read by the clerk, a division of the question on the appeal was called for, and the vote was taken accordingly upon the separate parts of the decision. Some of the ministerialists, on this occasion, deserted their standard, and voted with the constitutionalists. The consequence was, that both parts of the decision were declared to be in order: and so the house was once more ready to proceed to business.

"The bill to repeal the internal taxes was then resumed, and the motion on which the previous question had been taken, on Thursday, was called up. As no project for *saving time* and making a *prompt decision* was now offered, the amendment was soon disposed of. After this, a new section was added. A call was then made for engrossing the bill. Mr. Griswold hoped that bill would be printed. He said it had undergone so many and such various amendments, that scarcely any thing of the original bill remained, and declared for one, that he did not understand it. Mr. Randolph hoped it would not be printed. He hoped it would have a third reading, and pass that day. It was said, in reply, that the bill could not possibly be passed on that day, as time must be taken for engrossing it, and it was already a late hour....., Several of the ministerialists concurred in the wish that the bill might be printed. They acknowledged, that so far were they from comprehending the bill with all its amendments, that they could not even tell the number of amendments which had been made to it. Mr. Randolph began to fear that his troops were not sufficiently disciplined. Several of them indicated symptoms of desertion. He resolved, if possible, to rally them, and bring them back to a state of due subordination. He assured them, in a tone of authority, that there was no obstacle in the way of the final passage of the bill; that it was already engrossed,

and might immediately be read a third time and passed. He reminded them of the opposition and perplexity which they had met with in the progress of the bill; complained of the delay occasioned by so often taking votes, by yeas and nays; and, to put their allegiance to the severest test, concluded by declaring, that he should be DISAPPOINTED and MORTIFIED if the bill should not finally pass, before the adjournment of the house. Mr. Davis again became restive. He said, he could see no reason why the time might not as well be spent in taking yeas and nays, as in making and withdrawing motions to expunge the journals, and in trying appeals from decisions of the speaker. 'I am astonished,' said he, 'at the assertion of the gentleman, that the bill is already engrossed: I cannot understand him....it is not true....we are now considering the question of engrossing....it has not been taken; and yet the gentleman tells us the bill is engrossed. I do not understand such proceedings.' Several gentlemen hoped that the bill would be engrossed, and ordered for a third reading on Monday, and that, in the mean time, it would be printed for the use of the members. This order was accordingly taken, and Mr. Randolph was left to fulfil, at his leisure, his promise of *disappointment* and *mortification*, at the stubborn disobedience of his men, not twenty of whom voted with him. The bill passed finally on the following Monday, and went up to the senate, where it is undergoing a thorough revision and repair, on account of its imperfections.

"Such have been the real proceedings in this case, which is seized upon by the ministerial print, as affording the best opportunity, which has occurred, of bestowing an eulogium upon the skill and legislative talents of the sect, and of calling upon the citizens to admire and applaud the new order of things. *Ab uno disce omnes.* From this specimen, and from the commendation bestowed upon it, you may form some idea of the *ordinary* mode of proceeding."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, author of the most celebrated burlesque poem in the English, or perhaps in any other language, was the son of a reputable farmer at Strensham in Worcestershire, where he was born, according to one account in 1600, according to another in 1612. After a grammar education at the free school in Worcester, he was sent to Cambridge, where he resided six or seven years. On his return to his own county, he lived some years as clerk to Mr. Jefferys of Earl's Croom, an eminent justice of the peace, where he had leisure enough to prosecute his literary studies, particularly those to which he was most attached, history and poetry. He likewise amused himself with music and drawing. He afterwards lived under the patronage of Elizabeth countess of Kent, where he had access to a well furnished library, and enjoyed the advantage of acquaintance with the learned Selden, who employed him as a secretary or amanuensis. His next residence was with Sir Samuel Luke, a gentleman of ancient family at Cople in Bedfordshire, and a distinguished commander under Cromwell. The manners and principles to which Butler was witness in this place, gave him the hint, and supplied him with the materials of his famous "Hudibras." A caricature of Sir Samuel himself serves for the portraiture of the hero, and perhaps some of the knight's actions are ludicrously sketched in the adventures of Hudibras. Whether the poet, in this indulgence of his wit, was guilty of ingratitude could only be determined by a more particular knowledge of the nature of their connection than we possess. After the restoration, Butler was made secretary to Richard earl of Carberry, lord president of Wales, who appointed him steward to the court held at Ludlow castle. About this period he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of good family and some fortune. The first part of Hudibras was printed in 1663, and no poem was ever more popular, especially with the prevailing party in church and state. It was brought into the notice of the court by that patron of polite literature, the earl of Dorset. Its remarkable passages were got by heart, and served as common-place for quotation, and the king himself was perpetually answering his courtiers out of Hudibras. Yet with all his literary and party merits, the author obtained little more than praise and barren promises; and though it seems to have been a misrepresentation that he was ever reduced to absolute indigence, yet he passed his days in an obscure and narrow condition. An attempt to obtain him the patronage of the witty and profligate Villiers duke of Buckingham failed through the volatility of that nobleman; and Charles II. had too little feeling and too much prodigality to be a munificent rewarder of the humble merit of a man of letters. He is said, indeed, once to have ordered him a gratuity of 300l. which the poet honourably devoted to the payment of some debts he had been obliged to contract. Respected for his integrity, and beloved by his few intimates for his social qualities, he died in 1680, and was buried in St. Paul's church, Covent-garden (the parish in which he latterly resided), at the expence of his friend Mr. Longueville of the Temple. A monument was erected to his memory among the poets in Westminster-abbey, in 1721, by Alderman Barber, the printer. Its inscription gives credit to the common opinion of his poverty, by these words: "ne cui vivo deerant ferè omnia, deesset etiam mortuo tumulus:".... "lest he who when living wanted almost every thing, should, when dead, also want a tomb."

Hudibras is one of the most original works, in its style and matter, that was ever written. Its leading purpose is to throw ridicule upon the religious and political principles of the puritans, as they appeared after the civil war which overthrew church and state in the reign of Charles I. This is effected by means of the characters of a fanatical knight and his squire, obviously the Don Quixote and Sancho of the piece, who are engaged in a variety of comic adventures, and hold still more comic dialogues. There are three parts of the poem, but it is left unfinished as to the story; its great end, however, of giving vent to inexhaustible wit, keen satire, and learning of the most uncommon and recondite kind, is fully answered; and the reader who is perpetually amused in the progress, cares little for the catastrophe of the work. The diction and versification are often coarse and negligent, yet on the whole they are such as add to the humorous effect; and few will probably agree in opinion with Dryden, that the heroic style and measure would better have suited the authors purpose. The frequent double rhymes, though often very imperfect, give a sort of comic tone to the whole, and sometimes really improve the wit, by coercively bringing together the most incongruous ideas. But besides his powers of diverting by odd and whimsical notions and associations, Butler had much solid knowledge of human life. "He had watched," says Dr. Johnson, "with great diligence the operations of human nature, and traced the effects of opinion, humour, interest, and passion. From such remarks proceeded that great number of sententious distichs which have passed into conversation, and are added as proverbial axioms to the general stock of practical knowledge." (*Life of Butler*, in *Lives of the Poets.*) There have been numerous editions of this poem. The most valued is that of Dr. Grey, published in 1744, with large and learned annotations, which the depth of erudition in some of the author's allusions, and the obsoleteness of fact in others, rendered extremely necessary for a full comprehension of his meaning.

It is this work alone which has made Butler famous. After his death, was published, under the title of his "Posthumous Works," a collection of pieces, most of them falsely ascribed to him, and none of much value. A much more respectable publication appeared in 1759, entitled "Genuine Remains in prose and verse of Mr. Butler, from the original manuscripts, formerly in the possession of W. Longueville Esq." 2 vols. 8vo. The editor was Mr. Thyer of the Manchester library, and the authenticity of the pieces is indubitably established. The verse, besides a satire on the Royal Society, and other pieces scarcely equal to the author's reputation, contains in a detached form many of the similes and thoughts made use of in Hudibras; which is a proof of the care and attention he bestowed upon the imbellishment of that work, the prose consists of characters, and of thoughts on various subjects. The first are drawn with much force and humour. They are not personal, but generical, describing various ranks, professions, and designations in society.

LEVITY.

[The following good-humoured article we extract from a London paper.]

THE BALANCE OF POWER;

OR THE NEW NATIONAL SCALES.

THE balance of power has never been understood and maintained, except by three descriptions of people, the ancient states of Greece, the savage tribes of America, and the modern nations of Europe. The savage tribes of America may be classed, in this respect, with the ancient states of Greece, they are both broken to pieces. The nations of Europe either have undergone, or are now suffering, such changes, as give to France a decided preponderance. The balance of power, therefore, no longer exists in any part of the world. How much England has expended in blood and treasure to preserve it, is written in every page of her history. This would be sufficient to prove its immense value, even though we were not assured, from the highest authority, that our safety, nay, our very existence, depends upon its preservation. Ministers must, therefore, be very anxious to repair this loss, and will not surely refuse their approbation to an essay, the sole object of which is to provide a substitute, and to save the country from the peril awaiting the present state of affairs.

It is the duty of every government, to deliberately weigh every measure of internal and external policy, to ascertain to a scruple the true weight of every thing, to see that the good preponderates in all their plans, and, where there is only a choice of evils, to select the lightest. Let us try the conduct of ministers by this test. Upon the annexation of Belgium to France, they said, that measure would give the republic a preponderance in Europe. When we got possession of St. Domingo, they declared that an equivalent for all the expenses of the war. When Paul wanted Malta, we were assured, that that island, thrown into the scale with Russia, would destroy the balance. When the evils of war were complained of, we were told, they were light, when weighed against the miseries which a peace would produce. All this ministers have repeated a thousand times, since the commencement of the war. What do they tell us now? They assure us, through their journals, that St. Domingo, Malta, the Cape, &c. are all of no weight; that they are all mere feathers in the scale, compared with the blessings of peace. As to Belgium, we do not find that it is now considered even worth notice. The inference that ne-

cessarily follows from these premises is, that the balance of power, the only one used by ministers upon these occasions, must have been a very false balance; or that ministers must have set down our colonies and conquests at such a weight as fancy or common report chose to state them.

To prevent, then, the recurrence of so fatal an error, and provide a substitute for the lost balance of power, it is proposed, that ministers should immediately provide themselves with a plain London-made pair of scales.... yes, a pair of plain London scales; for it would not be difficult to prove, that, had they weighed the war and all its consequences in the worst pair of steelyards that were ever broken by a market jury, they could not have erred half so much as they have done. The recommendation of the scales necessarily brings with it some directions as to the weights. Had ministers only to weigh a dead vote, or a rotten borough, a few half hundreds might suffice; but, as they will have occasion sometimes to weigh the national debt, and sometimes a little cheese-parings or candle-ends, they will themselves see a necessity for a very great variety. This constitutes the whole plan, in support of which, that it may not be censured as novel, rash, or visionary, the following precedents are appealed to.

In the twenty-second book of the Iliad, we find this description:

" Jove lifts the golden balances, that shew
The fates of mortal men and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs with equal hand their destinies;
Low sinks the scale, surcharg'd with Hector's fate,
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight."

Virgil contains a similar allusion. It was also a custom in the Mogul empire to weigh his imperial majesty annually on his birth-day, and if he was found to have increased in weight, to celebrate this increase by public rejoicings; a ceremony purely allegorical, and emblematic of his political increase of weight, power, and dominion, for it is impossible that an increase of fat, which, in its literal sense, is synonimous with an increase of stupidity, could be a just cause for the congratulations of a loyal people.

Should it be objected that these are obsolete cases, a variety of modern precedents will readily suggest themselves. Ministers sent sir James Pultney on the Ferrol expedition, and what was the result? " When I came before the place," says sir James, " I weighed the advantages against the disadvantages, and, finding the latter to preponderate, I declined attack." Thus was preserved, by a good pair of scales, the very army, to which we are indebted for the conquest of Egypt, and which would have been probably lost before Ferrol, if the commander had relied upon the estimate of ministers. Mr. Windham disapproves of the present peace, because its evils more than counter-balance the evils of war. Now it is clear, that no statesman would attempt to decide such an important question by guess. It follows, therefore, that the ex-secretary does his business by a very nice pair of *scales*. Not to detain the reader unnecessarily....what is the constitution itself, but such an *equipoise* of its three parts, the king, the lords, and commons, that not any one shall *outweigh* the rest? a case, which never can happen, except when the *scales* hang even in *equilibrium*.

It, therefore, appears from the constitution, and from precedent, as well ancient as modern, that without a good pair of scales all the enterprizes and measures of ministers are mere chance-medley, and that no nice statesman should neglect to provide himself with a pair, particularly now, that he has lost the *balance of power*, with which our statesmen have so long strove to get through their work. The national advantages resulting from such an improvement are so striking, that any enumeration of them might be felt as an insult to the discernment of the public. We shall merely observe, that in such case we should not be eight years fighting for islands, under the false idea that they were of any *solid weight* or importance. We should not quarrel with France for Belgium, nor with Paul for Malta, no more than we would seek cause of quarrel in a *straw*; for of no greater *weight* are they now found in the scale against the millions of pounds, which they were said to counterbalance. Would lord Hawkesbury take an article from his grocer without *weighing?* Certainly not. Is then a loaf of sugar a subject of more care and solicitude than a whole plantation? This is to be penny wise and pound foolish, with a vengeance. Not only in all the superior courts of justice, but in every little *pied poudre* court, we find a pair of scales. Of consequence, justice is there weighed out fairly to the suitors. A pair of scales would be found equally useful in the cabinet. Nor would their benefit stop here. They might be used for weighing men as well as things. To the authorities already advanced, we may add that of Juvenal, in support of this application.

" Expende Hannibalem,"

" Weigh Hannibal." Such is the mode recommended by that great moralist, to ascertain the real value of a great man. What an immense prospect of national advantage does this hint open to the view! Suppose, for example, a new parliament. Let the pockets of each member be searched on his first entrance into the house, and then let him be fairly weighed in the new national scales. After some important debate, let the individuals composing the majority be weighed again. If they shall answer the original weights, of which a register should be kept, then it is a fair majority; but if one shall be found with his pocket full of candle-ends; another stuffed with a slice of a loan; another with a contract; another with a pension; and so on through them all, who will assert, that there has not been some foul play? If such a parliamentary mode of weighing the members on all important questions should be objected to as inconvenient, we might appeal to our glorious trial by jury; according to it, a man is to be tried by his peers, that is, his equals. As such, they enter the box, and as such, they shall give their verdict; the officer of the court, who has them in charge, is sworn that he will not suffer them to receive meat, drink, or candle-light, or indeed any thing that might give an undue weight, until after the verdict.

It requires no argument to prove that a similar practice in St. Stephen's chapel would render it as pure as the King's Bench or the Common Pleas. In this event, party also would have a more correct standard of right and wrong, than the authority of a leader. With the aid of the scales, the most illiterate and stupid would be able to ascertain to a drachm, the real weight and tendency of every measure. They would be able to know to a single barrack, a single place or pension, whether there was too much in the scale of the executive, and too little in that of the legislative. In short, the members would always be able to compare and adjust, with the utmost precision, the prerogative of the crown, and the privileges of the people, and so take care that the one did not preponderate against the other.

JUSTICE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

JOSEPH GROFF, printer, bookseller, and stationer, No. 75, South Second-street, Philadelphia, proposes to print, by subscription, the whole of the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq. in eight volumes, duodecimo, from the latest and most correct London edition, printed in 1797; with notes and illustrations, by Joseph Warton, D. D. and others. Also, from the above valuable edition with notes and illustrations, Pope's Poetical Works in five volumes complete. The first volume of each of these works will be embellished with a handsome engraving of Mr. Pope, taken from a full length portrait, and the only one ever drawn.

The works of this unrivalled genius are so well known, and so universally admired, that it might be deemed presumptuous in the publisher to say much in their commendation. It only remains then, to call the attention to the edition from which it is contemplated to print the one now claiming the patronage of the public, which is the most valuable, correct, and copious, of any now extant. The reviewers speak of it in the highest terms of approbation; extracts might easily be inserted, but it is presumed the reader will receive more satisfaction by perusing the different reviews for 1797 and 1798, than from partial selections.

The prospectus here submitted, presenting a choice of the works, will, it is hoped, meet with general approbation. Those, who have long wished to see an American edition of Pope's Poetical Works, will now have an opportunity of being gratified, by giving their support to the work. And those, who wish to possess his works complete, will have an equal opportunity of obtaining one of the most correct and cheap editions ever published.

CONDITIONS.

I. The work complete will be comprised in eight volumes, duodecimo, printed on a good paper, and handsome type.

II. It shall be delivered, to subscribers, at one dollar a volume, neatly bound and lettered, payable on delivery. [The edition, of which this will be a faithful copy, sells in London at 3l. 12s. sterling.]

III. It shall be put to press, as soon as a number of subscribers are obtained, sufficient to justify the undertaking, and finished with all the expedition that a due attention to neatness and accuracy will admit.

IV. The poetical works complete, will be comprised in five volumes, duodecimo, printed on the same paper and type, and delivered to subscribers at one dollar a volume, payable on delivery, and be, in every respect, conformable to the work complete. The price to non-subscribers will be considerably advanced.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

WITHIN the grove Maria lean'd
Upon her William's breast,
Her head upon his cheek reclin'd,
Her lips to his were press'd:

When lo! a rustling noise was heard,
Of near-approaching feet,
Maria left her lover's arms,
And sunk upon a seat.

The old duenna hobbled in....
" Here's pretty doings, miss!
" What man is this you come to see,
" What man, what man is this?"

" Oh governess! I do not know,
" But he was very rude,
" For as I pluck'd wild roses here,
" He came from out the wood.

" He seiz'd my hand, he press'd it hard,
" And talk'd of Cupid's dart,
" He kiss'd *my cheeks*, and falsely swore
" That I had stole his heart.

" But he will come no more, for I
" Have very much incens'd him,
" For when he wish'd to kiss *my lips*,
" *I rose in arms against him.*"

FROM THE ANTI-DEMOCRAT.

AN IMPROMPTU.

In one of his late answers to an address, Mr. Jefferson promises his addressers the utmost fidelity in the "*gestion* of their affairs."

A few days since, an honest swain
Propos'd this simple question....
" What can sage Monticello mean,
By this *new* word call'd " gestion ?"

A stranger, who the problem heard,
At once resolv'd the question....
" He thinks our *state affairs* too *hard*,
For aught but *his di*-"gestion."

SELECTED POETRY.

Extract from a work lately published in England, entitled PERSIAN LYRICS.

FAIR maid of Shiraz, wouldst thou take
My heart, and love it for my sake,
For that dark mole my thoughts now trace
On that sweet cheek on that sweet face,
I would Bokhara, as I live,
And Samarcand too, freely give.

Empty the flagon fill the bowl,
With wine to rapture wake the soul:
For Eden's self, however fair,
Has nought to boast that can compare
With thy blest banks, O Rocnabad!
In their enchanting scenery clad;
Nor aught in foliage half so gay
As are the bow'rs of Mosellay.

Insidious girls with syren eye,
Whose wanton wiles the soul decoy,
By whose bewitching charms beguil'd,
Our love-smit town is all run wild,
My stoic heart ye steal away,
As janissaries do their prey!

But ah! no laureat lover's praise
The lustre of those charms can raise:
For vain are all the tricks of art,
Which would to nature ought impart;
To tints, that angelize the face,
Can borrow'd colours add new grace?
Can a fair cheek become more fair
By artificial moles form'd there?
Or can a neck of mould divine
By perfum'd tresses heighten'd shine?

Be wine and music, then our theme;
Let wizards of the future dream,
Which unsolv'd riddle puzzles still,
And ever did, and ever will.

By Joseph's growing beauty mov'd,
Zuleikha look'd, and sigh'd, and lov'd,
Till headstrong passion shame defy'd,
And virtue's veil was thrown aside.

Be thine, my fair, by counsel led,
At wisdom's shrine to bow thy head;
For lovely maids more lovely shine
Whose hearts to sage advice incline,
Who than their souls more valued prize
The hoary maxims of the wise.

But tell me, charmer, tell me why,
Such cruel words my ears annoy:
Say, is it pleasure to give pain?
Can slanderous gall thy mouth profane?
Forbid it, Heav'n! it cannot be!
Nought that offends can come from thee:
For how can scorpion venom drip
From that sweet ruby-colour'd lip,
Which, with good-nature overspread,
Can nought but dulcet language shed?

Thy gazel-forming pearls are strung,
Come, sweetly, Hafiz, be they sung:
For Heaven show'rs down upon thy lays,
Thoughts, which in star-like clusters blaze.

—

We subjoin the version of sir W. Jones, for a comparison instead of the prose paraphrase.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bochara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay:

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display:
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:....ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear,
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips, which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say
But O! far sweeter, if they please,
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

PROLOGUE,

On opening the theatre, at Sydney, Botany-bay, spoken by the celebrated Mr. Barrington.

FROM distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas we come,
Though not with much *eclat* or beat of drum,
True patriots all, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good;
No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal,
What urg'd our travels was our country's weal;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.

But you inquire, what could our breasts inflame,
With this new passion for theatric fame?
What, in the practice of our former days,
Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
Your patience, sirs, some observations made,
You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.

He, who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
You'll own will make an admirable Ranger.
To see Macheath we have not far to roam,
And sure in Filch I shall be quite at home:
Unrivall'd there, none will dispute my claim
To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.

As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,
When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand,
Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to start,
Who, when well bolstered, well may play his part,
The scene to vary, we shall try in time
To treat you with a little pantomime.
Here light and easy Columbines are found,
And well-tried harlequins with us abound;
From durance vile our precious selves to keep,
We often have recourse to th'flying leap;
To a black face have sometimes ow'd escape,
And Hounslow Heath has prov'd the worth of crape.

But how you ask, can we e'er hope to soar
Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore?
Too oft, alas, we forc'd th'unwilling tear,
And petrified the heart with real fear.
Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
For some of us, I fear, have murdered sleep;
His lady too, with grace, will sleep and talk,
Our females have been us'd at night to walk.

Sometimes, indeed, so various is our heart,
An actor may improve and mend his part;
" Give me a horse," bawls Richard, like a drone,
We'll find a man would help himself to one.
Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
To gain your smiles we'll do our very best:
And, without dread of future Turnkey Lockits,
Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

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